The deepe vexation of his inward ſoule,
Hath ſeru'd a dumbe arreſt vpon his tongue,
VVho mad that ſorrow ſhould his vſe controll,
Or keepe him from heart-eaſing words ſo long,
Begins to talke, but through his lips do throng
VVeake words, ſo thick come in his poor harts aid,
That no man could diſtinguiſh what he ſaid.

Yet ſometime TARQVIN was pronounced plaine,
But through his teeth, as if the name he tore,
This windie tempeſt, till it blow vp raine,
Held backe his ſorrowes tide, to make it more.
At laſt it raines, and buſie windes giue ore,
Then ſonne and father weep with equall ſtrife,
VVho ſhuld weep moſt for daughter or for wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
Yet neither may poſſeſſe the claime they lay.
The father ſaies, ſhee's mine, ô mine ſhee is
Replies her husband, do not take away
My ſorrowes intereſt, let no mourner ſay
He weepes for her, for ſhee was onely mine,
And onelie muſt be wayl'd by COLATINE.

O,

O, quoth LVCRETIVS, I did giue that lif
VVhich ſhee to earely and too late hath ſp
VVoe woe, quoth COLATINE, ſhee wa
I owed her, and tis mine that ſhee hath kil
My daughter and my wife with clamors fil
The diſperſt aire, who holding LVCRE
Anſwer'd their cries, my daughter and

BRVTVS who pluck't the knife from Lvc
Seeing ſuch emulation in their woe,
Began to cloath his wit in ſtate and pride,
Burying in LVCRECE wound his follies ſh
He with the Romains was eſteemed ſo
As ſeelie ieering idiots are with Kings,
For ſportiue words, and vttring fooliſh t

But now he throwes that ſhallow habit by,
VVherein deepe pollicie did him diſguiſe,
And arm'd his long hid wits aduiſedlie,
To checke the teares in COLATINVS eie
Thou wronged Lord of Rome, quoth he, a
Let my vnſounded ſelfe ſuppoſ'd a foole
Now ſet thy long experienc't wit to ſcho